leave betimes, let be.

A table prepared, Drums, Trumpets, and Officers with cushions, King, Queen, and all the state, foiles, daggers, and Laertes.

King. Come *Hamlet*, come, and take this hand from me.

Ham. Give me your pardon sir, I have done you wrong,
But pardon't as you are a Gentleman: this presence knowes,
And you must needs have heard how I am punisht
With a sore distraction; what I have done
That might your nature, honour, and exception
Roughly awake, I here proclaime was madnesse.
Was't *Hamlet* wrong'd *Laertes*? never *Hamlet*;
If *Hamlet* from himselfe be taneaway,
And when hee's not himselfe does wrong *Laertes*,
Then *Hamlet* does it not, *Hamlet* denies it:
Who does it then? his madnesse: if't be so,
Hamlet is of the faction that is wronged,
His madnesse is poore *Hamlets* enemy;
Let my disclaiming from a purpos'd evill
Free me so farre in your most generous thoughts,
That I have shot my arrow ore the house,
And hurt my brother.

Laer. I am satisfied in nature,
Whose motive in this case should stirre me most
To my revenge, but in my tearmes of honour
I stand aloofe, and will no reconcilement,
Till by some elder Masters of knowne honour
I have a voice and president of peace
To my name ungor'd: but all that time
I doe receive your offered love like love,
And will not wrong it.

Ha. I embrace it freely, and will this brothers wager frankly play.
Give us the foiles.

Laer. Come, one for me.

Ham. Ile be your foile *Laertes*, in mine ignorance
Your skill shall like a starre i'th darkest night
Sticke fiery off indeed.

Laer. You mocke me sir.

Ham. No by this hand. (*let*,

King. Give them the foils young *Ostrick*: cosin *Ham*-
You know the wager.

Ham. Very well my Lord:
Your Grace has laid the odds a'th weaker side.

King. I doe not feare it, I have seen you both,
But since he is better we have therefore odds.

Laer. This is too heavie, let me see another.

Ha. This likes me wel, these foils have all a length

Ostr. I my good Lord.

King. Set me the stoops of wine upon the table;
If *Hamlet* give the first or second hit,
Or quit in answer of the third exchange,
Let all the battlements their Ordnance fire;
The King shall drink to *Hamlets* better breath,
And in the cup an Onyx shall he throw
Richer than that which foure successive Kings
In *Denmarks* Crown have worn. Give me the cup.
And let the Kettle to the Trumpet speake,
The Trumpet to the Canoneer without,
The Cannons to the heavens, the heavens to earth.
Now the King drinkes to *Hamlet*: come begin,
And you the Judges beare a warie eye.

Ham. Come on sir.

Laer. Come my Lord.

Ham. One.

Laer. No.

Ham. Judgement.

Ostr. A hit, a very palbable hit. *Drum, Tru*

Laer. Well, againe. *Flourish,*

King. Stay, give me drinke. *Hamlet* this pearle
Here's to thy health: give him the cup.

Ham. Ile play this bout first, set it by a while.
Come, another hit, what say you?

Laer. I doe confesse.

King. Our sonne shall win.

Quee. Hee's fat and scant of breath.
Here *Hamlet*, take my napkin, wipe thy browes